PERSONAL STORIES

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

There is but one representative of the great Washington family now in the army or navy of the United States—Capt. Mervyn C. Buckey, of the artillery, now on duty as an artillery engineer in the Puget Sound district. Capt. Buckey is the great-great-grandson of Col. Samuel Washington, brother of George Washington, and a colonel on his staff. Capt. Buckey's family has been always represented in the American wars, his Grandfather Buckey having fought in the war of 1812, an uncle in the war with Mexico, and his father, Thomas W. Buckey, now of Washington, was in the Confederate service. Capt. Buckey went to West Point in 1893, by appointment of President Harrison. He was graduated in 1897, being second in a class of sixty-seven. He served in Cuba and Porto Rico during the Spanish war, and later in the Philippines. In 1899 he was sent by Secretary Root to examine the tropical battery systems in use in the armies of European countries. He later introduced a mountain battery of new type into the Philippines, and was captain of a dynamite battery in the field on the Island of Luzon.

Virginians trace their lineage to Jamestown, New Englanders to Plymouth, and those of the blood are proud of it. But in South Carolina the real "first family" is much more exclusive, for South Carolina was settled not by a colony, but by one lone man. Gov. Duncan Clinch Heyward, who retired from the office of governor of South Carolina in January, and who is now devoting himself to the work of the Southern States Immigration Association, of which he is president, is one of the most prominent descendants of Dr. Henry Woodward, the first English settler of South Carolina. The young "chirurgeao" set out from Cape Fear, the original North Carolina settlement, on June 14, 1666, for a trip of exploration to the south. Dr. Woodward told Capt. Sanford that he would remain in the southern country with the Indians if the place was at all hospitable.

He was left at Port Royal with the natives, and it is recorded that they became great friends with him. He learned their language and studied their habits closely. A party of Spanish raiders, ever jealous of English encroachments in America, came to Port Royal, captured Dr. Woodward, and carried him to St. Augustine and put him in prison. He was rescued by the buccaneer, Capt. Robert Searle, and soon afterward he shipped as a surgeon on a privateer from the Leeward Islands. He was cast away on the Island of Nevis, where he was found by Capt. Sayle, and taken back to Port Royal, where he was an old citizen at the time of the settlement of March, 1670.

The marriage of Dr. Woodward with Mrs. Mary Browne, widow of Robert Browne, and daughter of Col. John Godfrey, was the foundation of a great family in South Carolina. Besides Gov. Heyward there have been two other governors of the State in the direct line—John Mathews, 1782-83, and Robert Y. Hayne, 1832-34. Four United States Senators have sprung from that first settler. These were Robert Y. Hayne, the great debater, who met Webster in the Senate in the most brilliant forensic battle of our national history; Arthur P. Hayne, Robert Woodward Barnwell, and Robert Barnwell Rhett; also six members of the National House of Representatives from South Carolina. Four judges, John Mathews and Richard Hutson, of South Carolina; R. Y. Hayne, of California, and Henry S. Elliott, of Washington; four bishops, Stephen Elliott, of Georgia; Robert W. B. Elliott, of Western Texas; William J. Boone, 2d, of China, and Robert W. Barnwell, of Alabama; the great Baptist clergyman and scholar, Richard Fuller, of Baltimore; the poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and many others of prominence in the professional, business, and social life of the republic are in the direct line from Dr. Henry Woodward, who went to South Carolina to live with the Indians.

Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and New York City, is best known to fame as the builder and supervising engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad. It is said that he intends to quit the railroad business, return permanently to Iowa, and make the race to succeed Senator William B. Allison in the United States Senate, that Nestor of the Upper House of Congress having announced that he will not stand for re-election. In the South Gen. Dodge's name is known and honored, as much perhaps as it is in Iowa, but not because of his feats of engineering and railroad building, not because of his politics, nor yet because of his record as a fighter, because there were many brave fighters from the North in the '60's. He is remembered as the man who caused Sam Davis, the daring hero of Tennessee, to be hanged as a spy. He is also remembered as the man who paid that same rebel spy the tribute, "He is the bravest man that ever died." He is also remembered as one of the first to send a contribution to the fund to raise a monument to that same rebel spy whom he hanged.

In November, 1863, Gen. Dodge was at Pulaski, Tenn., in command of the left wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps. One day a Confederate soldier was captured. It was Sam Davis, a boy barely twenty-one years old. On his person were found complete plans of the Federal works and fortifications at Nashville. Evidently they had been given to him by some Federal officer high in authority. Gen. Dodge offered him his freedom if he would reveal the name of his informant. The young soldier resolutely declined, and was taken before a court-martial, tried, and condemned to be hanged. Again an opportunity was given him to go free if he would tell who gave him the papers, and again he declined. The next day, November 27, 1863, he was taken from the jail to East Hill, riding on his coffin to the gibbet. Just as the noose was about to be placed around his neck, Capt. Chickasaw galloped up from Gen. Dodge's headquarters and cried: "It is not too late. We will give you free passage inside the Confederate lines if you will tell us where you got the papers."

"Do you suppose I would betray a friend? No, sir; if I had a thousand lives I would give them all before I would betray the confidence of my informer." With these words on his lips he went to his death. The Federal officer, Capt. Armstrong, whispered at the last, "I hate to do this." Gen. Dodge a few days later gave Sam Davis' younger brother and John C. Kennedy permission to take the body to the Davis home, and as the rude wagon with the coffin went through the Federal lines the boys in blue uncovered their heads in token of respect for the man of whom Gen. Dodge had said: "He is the bravest man that ever died."

Charles Doolittle Walcott, the new Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, is a many-sided man. He is a scientist, a "mixer" with men, and a publicist. At the head of the greatest scientific institution of America, with its varied departments, he is naturally most interested in the research and experimentation which is the chief end of his work. He is none the less interested in the National Museum, of which he is also the head, and which will be, when it is moved into the new building now going up, a national school for visitors to the Capital. It is his purpose to interest the general public of the country in the work of the institution to an extent that never before has been attempted. During Mr. Walcott's thirteen years as Director of the United States Geological Survey, he paid particular attention to the dissemination of the knowledge gained. To this end he maintained a "press agent" in the bureau who gave to the newspaper men of Washington, representing the press of the whole country, every scrap of interesting, important, or curious information that came to the survey. This plan, modified as may be necessary, will be adopted for the Smithsonian Institution, and it is safe to say that before Mr. Walcott has been Secretary for many years the general public will know much more of the scope and importance of the work of the institution than it has ever dreamed of in the past.

"The Last of the Miamis" is the title given to Gabriel Godfroy, an Indian now in his sixties, who lives near Peru, Ind. He is the son of Francis Godfroy, the last war chief of the once powerful Miami tribe that held dominion over the rich valley of the Wabash. Of the land reserved to his father when the government made its settlement with the Miamis, only forty-seven acres that were of little account were left to Gabriel. Yet he has reared a family of boys, of more white than Indian blood, to hunt and fish after the manner of their fathers. He has taught them the ancient language of the Miamis. But he has seen them desert the notions and traditions of his people, and he looks upon himself as being the last of his line, the last of a dynasty of mighty warriors, the last of the Miamis.

Not one of the relics of the Washington family is more prized than the Bible which belonged to Martha Dandridge, later Martha Custis, later Martha Washington. This Bible is owned by Martha Washington's great-granddaughter, Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the Confederate chieftain. The book, a small volume bound in leather, disappeared from Arlington House during the civil war. It was returned to Miss Lee a few years ago by G. W. Kendrick, a collector of Philadelphia, into whose hands it came by accident. In the Bible is recorded the marriage of Miss Martha to Mr. Custis, and the births of the Custis children; but the marriage of the Widow Custis to Gen. Washington is not put down. Miss Lee spends most of her time in Washington City, and is often the guest of Mrs. Arthur Lee, daughter of ex-Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, of West Virginia.

To-morrow—Horse Racing in America.

IMPUDENCE VS. HEROISM.

BY JANE LEWIS.

Bakersville was like any other hamlet. It had a store, a post-office, a blacksmith shop, and a ruined old sawmill. It had a river and a dam, and there were fish in the river. The latter fact was told to Bessie Foster, niece of Uncle Joe and Aunt Mary Warner, who had come from the city for a vacation, and who was looking about for a new diversion.

The girl was rigged out with pole, hook, line, and bait, and Uncle Joe went with her to point out the spot where he once had a bite from something almost as big as a whale, and for half an hour she was so intent on her fishing that she was oblivious of her surroundings. Then a cough from a human throat startled her, and she looked up to see a young man fishing in the same waters and not over twenty feet away.

At first glance she saw that he was a stranger to the hamlet. As she looked up he raised his cap and bowed. How long he had been there she could not determine, but his action in sneaking up, in the first place, and in making the bow in the second, irritated her. She at once gave a vicious jerk to her line, intending to quit the spot at once, but she was naturally defiant and changed her mind in an instant. She would not be driven away. She had simply stared at him in a haughty manner when he had lifted his cap, and should he attempt to push matters further he would get a rebuff to freeze his blood.

For the next quarter of an hour the two fished in silence. Now and then the young man reeled in his line and made a new cast and hummed or whistled to show that he had not been snubbed. Now and then the girl gave her head a toss, just to prove that she thought herself alone. During this interval the suckers in the river had remained quiet or had business elsewhere. All of a sudden, however, one of them found the girl's hook and gulped it down. There was a mighty tug from the captive and a scream from the girl. It was the first time the sucker had ever been hooked, and the first time the girl had ever hooked a fish. The young man saw the situation and came running up to call out:

"You've got him! You've got him! Don't handle him that way, or you'll lose him. Play him! Play him!"

Miss Bessie Foster was excited, but she didn't lose her presence of mind. She realized what the situation called for, and she gave the young man one awful look, and then threw her fishpole into the water and turned and walked away. In that one awful look she noticed that he was rather good looking and had certain hallmarks of a gentleman, but despite that she continued to toss her head, and her cheeks kept getting redder and redder, as she left him behind.

"For the land's sake, but what has happened to you?" exclaimed Aunt Mary, as the girl entered the house on a half run and plumped down into the rocking chair.

"I—I've found an impudent man," was the reply.

"Found a what? I've lived in Bakersville ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, and I've never run across an impudent man yet. How was he impudent?"

"He looked at me. He raised his cap and bowed. He sang and whistled. When I had hooked a fish he came and wanted to boss things. And, oh, aunty, it was such a lovely fish, and such a big one, and he was so willing to be caught!"

When Aunt Mary had extracted all the information possible she went to the kitchen door and blew the horn for dinner, though it was half an hour ahead of time. Uncle Joe came up from the lot in which he was working, and in answer to the surprised look on his face Bessie told her story over again. When she had finished, Aunt Mary drew herself up and added:

"And now, Joseph Warner, you will eat your dinner and then start out and find that impudent young man, and give him a piece of your mind. He has got to be talked to good and hard, and if you are not the man to do it, I am."

An hour later Uncle Joe went down to the post-office to make inquiries concerning the strange and cheeky young man. All he could find out was that the newcomer was stopping at White's, at the other end of the hamlet, and was thought to be a college student on his vacation. The old mill was next visited, and there it was found that Bessie's pole and line had been recovered and left in a conspicuous position. Uncle Joe carried them home, and told his story, and Aunt Mary threw up her arms and exclaimed:

"Did any one in all this world ever see such a case of impudence! Joseph, if you were a man you'd go up to White's and take that young man by the ear and make him beg Bessie's pardon. She can't go fishing again as long as he is hanging around here."

"But I will!" declared the girl, as she flared up and stuck her chin in the air. "I'll show him, whoever he is, that he can't scare me off. I'll be right there tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, and if he dares speak to me again I'll—I'll—well, after I have given him a look he won't dare to, that's all."

And Miss Bessie Foster was there at the hour named. She saw nothing of the impudent young man, but a board had been placed across two logs to make a seat for her, and she instantly suspected that it was his work. She refused to sit down. For ten minutes, or while she was getting real mad, she wouldn't go within fifteen feet of the seat. Then the stranger suddenly made his appearance from behind the old mill, and to show him what she thought of him she laid down her pole and picked up the board and pushed it into the water. To her chagrin the young man didn't seem to be aware of her presence. He was catching all the fish and she wasn't getting a nibble. He made a great fuss every time he caught one, and presently the girl found herself wishing that he would tumble in. He could have told her that her line was in only two feet of water, and that a crab had eaten off her bait as soon as the hook touched the bottom, but he had nothing to say. He even grinned because he had nothing to say.

Half an hour had passed away when Miss Bessie changed her position. It did not seem to be a secure one, but in her defiance and chagrin she was willing to take chances. She rebaited and cast in her hook, and within a minute something seized it. She repressed a cry and was taking firmer grip on her pole, when the planks under her feet gave way, and she went into the pond with a shriek and a splash. She rose to the surface, gurgling and gasping, to find the impudent young man beside her, and saying in her ear:

"I expected it. Don't struggle and you'll oe all right. We have got to go over the dam, but I can swim ashore below with you."

The girl ought to have given him "one of her looks," but she did not take advantage of the occasion. The water was very cold, and the fall over the dam was ten feet. She gasped with fright and clutched the young man, and then night seemed to have come. She had fainted away. When she opened her eyes again she was in bed at Aunt Mary's and the doctor was saying:

"She will do nicely now. I happened to be driving by the old mill and saw it all. That young fellow managed like a hero. There was no boat, and I could render no assistance, and two or three times I thought they were gone."

"Aunty," asked the girl after the doctor had gone, "did I fall into the mill pond?"

"Yes, dear."

"And go over the dam?"

"Yes."

"And how—how was I saved?"

"Why, that impudent young feller had the impudence to jump in after you and bring you ashore. If things are to go on this way, I don't know where they will stop. I'll just bet he'll have the nerve to call here and ask after you."

Aunt Mary was right. That evening the young man did call and make inquiries and leave his card, and twenty-four hours later he was again ushered into the parlor, to find the rescued maiden able to be about. Aunt Mary heard a great deal of talking and some laughing, and at the end of a half hour when the caller withdrew she was ready with the observation:

"Well, I 'spose it's some more of his impudence?"

"I—I think I must have been mistaken all the time, Aunty," replied the girl with a blush.

"What?" Wasn't it impudence?"

"N-o-o. I guess he knew more about fishing than I did."

Aunt Mary looked at her for a long minute, and then sagely shook her head and turned away with the observation:

"I don't know about that, young lady. I should say it was right the other way. You may not have caught a whale, but that ain't saying you haven't caught something else."

There may be good fishing in the Bakersville mill pond again this year, but there will be no further impudence on the one hand or indignation on the other. Affairs have progressed too far and too agreeably for that. In the language of Aunt Mary:

"A girl comes a-visiting—she goes out to fish—she meets an impudent feller—she falls into the pond—he saves her life—they——"

"They what?" asked Uncle Joe.

"None o' your business! You go out and see if that pie in the oven has burned all to a cinder while I've been thinking of things."

(Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKeon.)

Clean Advertising—The Washington Herald does not exploit fakirs. Merchants who patronize this newspaper will find themselves in good company. Its advertising columns are kept clean.

A CHIC PLAIN SHIRT WAIST.

The plain shirt waist always finds its place among the many elaborate ones of the day. The present fashion for the neat tailored waist worn with the stiff linen collar and small butterfly bow of silk or lace is a most admirable one and much appreciated by the well-dressed woman. Here is sketched a waist of real simplicity, suitable to development in any of the washing fabrics or pongee. The few gathers at the neck in front provide plenty of fullness, while the closing is made under the stitched box plait. A narrow frilling of lawn may edge the plait, as well as the tops of the cuffs, if desired. For the medium size 3¼ yards of 32-inch material are needed. Sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (2508) and size wanted.

MANY DEAD STILL IN RUINS.

Loss of Life at Chilpancingo Will Prove Very Heavy.

Mexico City, Mex., April 21.—Refugees from Chilpancingo and other places in remote parts of the State of Guerrero which were destroyed by the earthquakes are beginning to arrive here, and the stories which they tell of the catastrophe make it seem that the loss of life will be much greater than the early reports. The death list will run up into the hundreds.

The local authorities are charged with inactivity and indifference in the matter of directing the search of ruins for the recovery of bodies. What work is being done in this line is of an imperfect character.

James E. Long, general manager of the Guerrero Development Company, has arrived here. He says damage to the town and loss of life have been greatly underestimated. All five of the company's engineers have been pressed into the government service in examining buildings and hunting through ruins, and according to his personal reports, the examination of the ruins of the various buildings which had fallen had been prosecuted with very little vigor. He said that the bodies of many of the people who have been killed have not yet been recovered.

WOMEN ANNOY BACHELOR.

Iowa Man Asks Police Protection Against Fair Lovemakers.

Special to The Washington Herald.

Des Moines, Iowa, April 21.—With tear-filled eyes and trembling voice, H. J. Higgins, a bachelor worth $100,000, appealed to Chief of Police J. W. Jones today to protect him against the scores of women who he declared are determined to make love to him against his will.

"For nearly a year I have not had a moment's peace," declared Higgins. "I have worried so that I am getting as thin as a rail."

Higgins insisted that he did not care a snap for any woman on earth, and only asked to be let alone. He told the chief that if molested further he would demand an injunction. The chief promised him immunity.

PARIS FEARS SNAIL FAMINE.

Closed Season Against Hunters Demanded by Department of Yonne.

Paris, April 21.—Paris is menaced with a deprivation of edible snails. The department of Yonne, the principal source of supply, is demanding protection from the snail hunters, who have taken so many that the supply is failing.

Houses at Auxerre, which used to send millions of snails to Paris, are now obliged to draw supplies from Switzerland and the department of Isere.

Yonne demands that a closed season be established by prefectual decree. It also demands that the selling of foreign substitutes, as Burgundian snails, be stopped.

MORE LOTTERY INDICTMENTS.

Grand Jury Will Be Impaneled at Wilmington to Continue Work.

Mobile, Ala., April 21.—The investigation into the operations of the Honduras Lottery has been completed by the Federal grand jury, who have been at work for three weeks on the case. Eight more indictments have been returned, but these names will not be made public until adjournment.

In connection with the departure from the city of Assistant Attorney General J. B. Nields, who has been in Mobile several months in connection with the investigations, and who left yesterday for Wilmington, Del., it was stated to-day that Mr. Nields would not return to Mobile as at first indicated. The district attorney goes to Wilmington to impanel a grand jury there for probing into the operations of a lottery company.

It appears that tickets of the Honduras National Lottery Company were printed in that city, and that the government has decided to impanel a special jury there for the purpose of indicting all persons engaged in the printing, shipping, and selling of lottery tickets. The selling and circulating of tickets of the company is to be made another count in the indictments against violators.

It was said to-day that all persons who have been indicted by the Mobile grand jury will be subject to the exactions of the Wilmington grand jury.

CHILD NOT MARVIN'S SON.

Myles Standish Visits Gloversville, N. Y., But Is Disappointed.

Gloversville, N. Y., April 21.—Myles Standish, brother-in-law of Dr. Horace Marvin, of Dover, Del., arrived here today, and, after closely scrutinizing and questioning the little boy held by the local police, he declared that he is not the missing Horace Marvin. Standish was loath to make the declaration, and only did so after being with the little fellow for several hours.

The police were spurred on to more urgent efforts this afternoon, and Chief Smith put A. H. Allen and his wife, who claim to be the parents of the boy, through a severe "third degree." They displayed their usual composure, although they have lost their pleased expression, and now have nothing but resentment for the police officials.

Mr. Standish left here this afternoon a very disappointed man.

Allen is still in custody here, pending instructions from the Catskill police regarding a warrant issued in Catskill for Allen charging him with defrauding a boarding-house keeper. It is the general opinion here that the child in their care does not belong to the Allens.

NAZANO WINS AUTO TEST.

Lancia Is Second in Automobile Race in Sicily.

Palermo, April 21.—Following are the results of the tests of the Targa Florio automobile race:

Nazano, on a Fiat, covered 450 kilometers in 8 hours 17 minutes 36 seconds; Lancia was second, 12 minutes later; Fabry was third.

Forty-five cars of the fifty-four originally entered started. Four German cars, four Swiss, one Belgian, and an equal number of French and Italian cars remained. The roads were rough and heavy, owing to the recent rains.

Wagner, the winner of the Vanderbilt Cup, on a Darracq, and Lancia, on a Fiat, made the best time in the first round.

$200,000 Loss in Lumber Fire.

Holyoke, Mass., April 21.—The Connecticut Valley Lumber Company's mills at Mount Tom were destroyed by fire this afternoon; loss $200,000.

WATTERSON SYNICAL.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

sides, the Democratic party lacks executive leaders. The stock has run down through disuse.

Exhausted Resources.

The party seems to have exhausted all its resources in finding out the wrong way to do things. The Republicans, on the other hand, have developed, in recent years, three or four first-class crops of political managers. The only thing for the Democrats to do was to begin to think together on some subject, and "quit kicking the stuffin' out of each other."

The only alternative that the colonel can see now, though, is Bryan in 1908. But he doubts whether Bryan even cares a fig about the nomination. If he did, he would be more circumspect in his statements. Of course, the colonel couldn't tell what Hearst might do. He is likely to do anything, but he didn't regard him as a possibility.

The colonel, during his stay abroad, visited Spain, the Riviera, Italy, and France. He explained his recently written statement that he had passed over the Apennines between Port Bou and Barcelona as a pen slip. He meant the Pyrenees.

CAMPBELL SEEKS PARDON.

One of Four Convicted for Murder of Paterson Girl.

Paterson, N. J., April 21.—Andrew J. Campbell, one of the four men convicted six years ago of the murder of Jennie Bosschieter, and who is now serving a term of thirty years in the State prison, is seeking a pardon. His first appeal was made to Justice Cummert, but he told the prisoner that the Board of Pardons was the proper tribunal to appeal to.

Thomas A. Campbell, a brother, has sent a circular to the prisoner's former friends and associates in Paterson asking their aid.

CATCHER CHOKES TO DEATH.

Ball Player Suffocates When Gum Drop Lodges in His Throat.

Special to The Washington Herald.

Montezuma, Iowa, April 21.—Choked to death by a piece of candy was the tragic fate of Orrie McWilliams to-day while engaged in a game of ball. An exciting game was in progress, and McWilliams was catching with a gum drop in his mouth.

The ball was thrown to him to shut out a run by a man on third base. McWilliams caught the ball, but immediately fell to the ground in a violent fit of strangulation. A doctor was summoned, but the boy was dead before he arrived.

The body was removed to the McWilliams home and the gum drop was found to be lodged securely in the windpipe.

BOYS HELD IN BALTIMORE.

Three Lads from Washington Are Taken Into Custody.

Having been found wandering about the streets without any apparent home, Daniel Mahoney, Clarence Warden, and James Fowler, three young boys living in this city, were taken into custody yesterday by the police of Baltimore.

At the time of their arrest the boys had in their possession two bicycles, which the police of that place thought had been stolen, but an investigation on the part of the local force proved the contrary. The boys' parents were notified immediately following the receiving of the information, and have made arrangements for the truants' return to this city.